## Scene of Disaster in Which French Miners Lost Their Lives



catastrophe, is in Pase de Calais, northern France, eighteen miles distant from Bethune. It has a population of 3,390. It is in the center of France's greatest coal district. This district has an area of 190 square miles, and employed in it are 20,000 MINES OF THE SHAFT VARIETY.

Some at Courrieres Extended Far Into

the Ground. Coal mines are divided into two kinds, the drift mine and the shaft mine. The drift mine is dug into the side of the hill and extends by very slow degrees downward. The coal is brought to the surface in little cars

drawn on narrow gauge rails by don-

These mines sometimes extend in ward for over a mile in one direction. The Courrieres mines are mostly of the shaft variety, however. Some of these shafts are very deep. On the day of the explosion men were heard

calling for help from a depth of nearly half a mile. The miners in France do not use the safety lamps that many mining concerns in the United States now compel their employes to use. These lamps are little metallic oil-burning affairs affixed to the miners' hats. The

will burn hour after hour. Not even the eternal vigilance of the fire boss can prevent a holocaust if the miners themselves become care

flame ignites from a cotton wick, and

In the Courrieres mines there are a great many condemned "pockets," as they are called. These pockets at one time or another become filled with fire damp and the miners were warned not to go near them.

One rumor as to the cause of the explosion is that a miner, either careless or ignorant of what he was doing, opened a condemned pocket, mistaking it for an air chamber. In such a case there would be an instantaneous explosion. The detonation would cause the other pockets to explode and the explosions would continue while there was any fire damp in the

mine. The topography of the stricken district is very irregular and very much resembles that of Allegheny county. Pa. The district is thickly populated, and but a few miles out of the line of travel of the multitude of tourists who throng northern France every

The mining population is not made up principally of Frenchmen any more than the mining population in the United States is made up of Americans. Poles and Hungarians, as well as a liberal sprinkling of Italians and Russians, for the most part make up Courrieres' population.

The town is gloomy, smoky and unsightly, and does not offer much to the sightseer to recompense him for his visit. It is not mentioned in Baedeker or in any of the other prominent guide books. It has one admirable statue dedicated to Jean de Montmorency, however.

Queens Taller Than Their Consorts. There hardly is a king in Christendom to-day whose wife does not overtop him by a head. King Edward is six inches shorter than Queen Alexandra. The czar is overtopped a full head by the czarina. Kaiser Wilhelm ts of the medium height, but the German empress is tall, and that is why the kaiser will never consent to be photographed beside his wife unless she sits while he stands. The king of Italy hardly comes up to the shoulders of Queen Helena. The king of Portugal, though fatter, is less tall than his queen. The queen of Denmark towers above her royal spouse.

Speaker's Mind Wandered. Speaker Cannon called the house to order the other day and said as usual-"The chaplain will offer prayer." Rev. Mr. Couden proceeded to do so and meantime Mr. Cannon allowed his mind to stray away to the consideration of some important measures then pending. At the conclusion of prayer the speaker came out of his reverte. rapped with his gavel and said once "The chaplain will offer praymore: The clerk himself whispered something in Mr. Cannon's ear and Uncle Joe almost blushed as he exclaimed: "Oh, hang it; the joke's on

Peculiar Nervous Disease

The well-known nerve pathologist. Y. M. Bechtereff, says the St. Petersburg Novosti, mentions the appearance of a peculiar disease of the nerve system, which he calls "sweating sickness of the hand." This trouble is indicated by the sudden perspiration of the hand on the part of the victim each time he sees an acquaintance with whom he is about to shake hands. Sometimes the perspiration will fall in large drops from the tips of the fingers. None of the other parts of the body shows similar symptoms. wide removal is the ideal operation.

Courrieres, the scene of the recent | hands. The amount of coal mined an nually is 5,000,000 tons. Coal was first discovered here in 1717, at Tresnes. For centuries the district around Courrieres has been prominent in its manufactures, and the almost inexhaustible beds of coal will secure it that supremacy for centuries to come.

> GROWING POWER OF THE WEST. Will Soon Push East in Population and Commercial Supremacy.

People of the East are apt to over look the fact that there is a great and growing West. They do not realize that at some time not far distant this section will be competing with the East in population and in commercial supremacy. To the thousands of Americans who are familiar with Europe but to whom California, Oregon and Washington are names and nothing more the term "Golden Gate" is without meaning, "Puget sound" indicative of nothing but distance. They do not know that in the land where rolled the Oregon and heard "no sound save its own dashing" there has sprung up a life more virile than their own, from having still the inspiration of youth and the uplift that comes when ambition realizes that there are world's yet to conquer. The West is a giant; it does not beg favors; it does not ask for recognition, but it forces the recognition by the expanding power of its own splendid vitality. -Philadelphia Ledger.

SARRIEN LONG IN PUBLIC LIFE.

Second Time New French Premier Has Been in Cabinet.

M. Jean Sarrien, head of the new French cabinet, has been a power in French political life for fifteen years. There have been few ministerial crises in which he has not been consulted. The last time that he held office was in 1898, when at the request of his friend, Brisson, he, with some reluctance, consented to accept the perilous post of minister of justice at the time of the Dreyfus controversy. As such he instituted the proceedings in the Supreme court, which resulted in the quashing of the first trial and in the ex-captain being brought back to France to stand trial anew at Rennes. He is a man of 66, a lawyer, born of a middle class provincial family, and during the war with Germany won the cross of the Legion of Honor by gallantry under fire as captain of Mobiles. He has represented his native



district of the Saone ce Loire without interruption for nearly thirty years in the chamber of deputies.

English Nobility in Trade. English nobility has many marters on its mind these days. It wishes to keep busy above all things and there are individuals who are looking for gold galore by going into trade. Carpet weaving is the latest industry to be invaded by these "distinguished" persons bent upon adding to incomes or finding work for their tenantry. Foremost among them is the Duchess of Setherland, who has started looms at Helmsdale, in Sutherlandshire, in order to help the women affected by the decline in the Highland fisheries. As a purely business speculation the Earl of Pembroke and the Earl of Radnor have opened a carpet factory at Wilton. They bring to that admirable possession a cultivated taste and the beautiful things which they promise to turn out will be sought by devotees of the life luxurious.

Stomach Not a Necessity.

While the value of a good stomach undoubted, fortunately, says Prof H. J. Paterson, Nature is able to dis pense with this organ, as most of its functions can be performed by other parts of the alimentary canal. It has been shown that dogs may gain in weight and remain in perfect health after removal of the entire stomach while the elaborate observations made on a patient prove that the same holds good of human beings. Until some other cure for cancer is discovered,



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CHAPTER VIII.

Captain Stanley, who had returned to the ballroom, wended his way amongst the dancers, his progress impeded by some fair lady who greeted him graciously-often eagerly, and forced him to pause for an interchange of vapid nothings. He then visited all the apartments open to guests, until he was convinced that the count had kept his daughter at home, for better protection against further intercourse with the handsome sultor he had rejected so sornfully that same afternoon.

But English love, like other love, laughs at the barriers a stubborn parent may seek to interpose; and Count de Cazeneau's decision was not calculated to discourage so strong-willed a man as Captain Edward Stanley.

He had acceded to his sweetheart's wishes by going, in proper form, to her father; and the matter having culminated as the lovers had feared, nothing was left but an elopement, for which, in view of the count's probable refusal, all the plans had been arranged.

It was shortly after midnight when a tall man, enveloped in a long cloak, and followed closely by a stalwart negro, who bore a sizable bundle upon his shoulders, looked toward the brilliantly lighted windows of Count de Cazeneau's house, whose inmates were evidently celebrating, after the customary fashlon, the New Year's advent. He paused a moment in front of the rambling, low-built dwelling, and then passed on, muttering words which were scarcely a benediction upon its owner.

After a walk of some twenty minutes, the man and his silent follower climbed the low wall that bounded the count's domain, and, with the night wind rustling the denuded cotton stalks about them, struck off across the broad fields until they reached or the occasional cry of a loon, being

officer's service; and this was of greater importance than the presence of Zeney herself.

A rustling made Captain Stanley turn quickly, and a new light came to his face as his eyes fell upon a shrouded girlish figure standing in the doorway, with a taller woman's form behind her.

Down upon the river, hidden away under the overhanging bank, amid the sedges and other water growth, was a commodious boat that had been stored with all things needful for the flight. The elopers and their servants were soon aboard, and only the stars saw the craft pulled cautiously upstream by the strong arms of Tate, the faithful slave, with the maid, Barbe, on the seat behind him, while in its farthest end were the two who for love's sake, had cast aside all former life and broken all ties.

For Roselle, these were the ties of Stanley those of honor; for he had filial love and duty, and for Captain deserted his command and was flying to the wilderness farther north, tofor the time at least-hide, with his new-found dream, amongst the friendly Choctaw Indians, where he could count upon reasonable security from pursuit.

And the woman, trusting him implicitly, faced an unknown worldfaced it fearlessly and undoubtingly, seeing naught but the dawn of a perfect and fulfilled love, that yielded to this man its uttermost depths of pas-

As for him, the loved one, this was by no means his first experience of the sort; but he was honest, at least, in believing himself to be in earnest.

And so he held her close, as they sat side by side, his cloak about them both, and her head pillowed over his heart, while the slave's oars pulled the boat swiftly, their rhythmic dip.



dark boundary line, at one side of the water to break the silence. lonely plantation.

Here they paused, and looked to where, quite a distance away, the flames of two huge bonfires showed many fantastic figures-those of the slaves, who were, like irresponsible children, celebrating after the manner of their race, the brief respite from labor accorded them by their exacting master.

The baying of a hound from the slave-quarters was heard, faint, but clear, and the suggestive notes appeared to bring disquiet to the man's dusky follower, for he began to move restlessly, and glance about with manifest apprehension, while he drew closer to his master, who now, wheeling about

pushed on into the wood. He went forward with a confidence showing that he was on not unfamiliar ground; and a few steps brought the two to a small clearing, where the semi-darkness was made a little more cheerful by a flickering of red light. coming, through the chinks of the closed door, as well as from the un-

curtained window, of a small cabin. A fire lit the interior, which was deserted, save for a small, raggedly clad urchin of ten, whose black arms and legs seemed to have outgrown their scanty clothing.

"Where is Zeney?' inquired the officer, after glancing about the cabin. The boy stared with fright at his questioner, looming so far above him in the firelight, which struck gleamings from the breast of the uniform. where a slight parting of the closk folds revealed scarlet and gold.

"Are you deaf, you black monkey? Where is Zeney, I say," Captain Stanley repeated impatiently.

'Granny? She's done gone t' keep New Y'ar's," stammered the little negro, rising cautiously to his naked feet and backing away from the officer's stern eyes.

The later now understood how Zeney, having-although reluctantlygiven, through the late afternoon, such aid as was in her power to the carrying out of her young mistress' plans for an'elopement, had then betaken lawlessly upon whatever commerce herself to the bonfires, where, appearing to join in the festivities of her fellow slaves, she would be less likely to fall under her master's suspicion; heavily armed tostensibly for its ow when his daughter's flight should be protection), and carried a crew con discovered. But her - 'in was at the 'taining outcasts from all nations, by

the edge of some woods that rose, a | the only sounds besides the rippling

On New Year's day Laro left New Orleans for France; and when, seven months later, he sailed away from Toulon, bound for the coast of Barbary, with him were Jean and Pierre Lafitte.

The purposes of this story require but a general reference to Jean Lafitte's life during the fifteen years which ensued after he left the country of his birth, and linked his fortunes into those of Laro.

He was then a lad of fifteen. And, until he arose above the consequences his heedless youth had imposed upon his better self, his life was passed ashore and affoat, as best served the immediate interests at stake; at times taken up by the cares and responsibilities of ligitimate business, at ines passed amid scenes of wildest adventure and deadly peril. while growing to manhood, alternated between the counting-room and the quarter-deck, associating now with men of probity and position, and again with desperadoes and cutthroats.

During this period, Laro-known in New Orleans as Don Morales de Cas tro-was in connection with Count de Cazeneau and other more or less prominent men, engaged in various speculative schemes, some of them be ing within the law, and others outside of it. The former included ventures in trading, mining and timber-cutting whlist among the latter were smug gling and slave-trading. These operations involved the ownership of many vessels; together with the employment of many men, and taken as a whole they were very successful.

Smuggling and slave-trading had always been within the line of Laro's occupations, and they were matters to which he gave his per nal atten tion, making many voy to and from the French and Afr a coasts.

Then latterly, in addition to his other nefarious pursuits, and under cover of letters of marque issued by one or another of the newly formed South American republics, he preyed came within his reach.

His own brigantine, the "Black Petrel," was of remarkable spee !

skilful sailors and brave fighters. If they captured a ship flying the flag of a hostile country, the prize was, according to circumstances, taken into port for condemnation or destroyed at once. But, whatever might be the nationality of a richly laden vessel encountered by the "Black Petrel," the colors it flew had but little effect in deciding its fate, or that of its crew.

In all these various schemes Lafitte was an interested party; and, in earlier years, he had been an actual participant in prosecuting some of them, his ability and skill being such that, while still under twenty, he became Laro's trusted lieutenant, upon whom devolved all duties to which the former was unable or inadequate to give his personal attention.

The tall, handsome lad of Languedoc, Paris and Toulon had developed into a man possesing rare gifts of person and mind, together with a store of energy and resource which would have won success in any avenue of life. Himself a stranger to personal fear, he was quick to recognize bravery in another, and his chivalrous nature was never unresponsive to appeals from his less fortunate fellows.

Such was Jean Lafitte at thirty, and such, in brief, had been his life during this period-one so filled with events and adventures as to make his earlier years, and the actors in them, more or less dim, according as they had fixed themselves upon the receptive element of his nature.

Even Laro, the bluff and picturesque sailor who had exerted so strong an influence upon the lad when they met at Le Chien Heureux, was hardly recognizable in the crafty and unscrupulous adventurer with whom later years had made him so familiar, and with whom he was now forced to be in such close contact.

As for Bonaparte, he had become Napoleon, the monarch to whom crowns were baubles, and thrones were playthings; who had recast the continent of Europe, and opened a new chapter in the history of France Jean had received no word from him

after the letter delivered by the hands of Pere Huot; and grievous had been the boy's disappointment as the months passed without bringing any sign of remembrance from the man who was the one greatest love of his life.

But his was a strong and healthful nature-buoyant and vibrant; and, as the time went by, the acute edge of his grief had been worn away, to be succeeded by a feeling akin to apathy. He had been forsaken by him whom he loved; and, accepting this as a fact, he had relinquuished every hope of a future reunion.

All this had its natural effect; and coupled as it was with a vague but unchanging determination to follow the career of adventure which had been his boyish purpose in life, the personality of Bonaparte became less and less real, until all that remained was a love which was in itself large ly an abstraction.

Margot was still a reality to him because of her representing so much of motherly care, and by reason of her ever manifested love, of which he had found much to remind him in the unobtrusive loyalty and devotion of

The latter was now the only tangi ble tie connecting Jean Lafitte with his boyhood-big-hearted, brave Pierre, sluggish in thought, but sound of judgment and clear of purpose; strong of arm and mighty in action, who now, as ever, stood at the side of his fosterbrother. He had, some two years be fore, abandoned his sea-faring life, and, in partnership with Jean, established a large smithy at New Orleans where the firm of Lafitte Brothers had become well and favorably known through the work turned out by their skilled slaves.

(To be continued.)

FAULT OF THE DIALECT.

Colored Man Good Oarsman, Though He Couldn't "Ro'."

While on a trip through the sparsely settled districts of Georgia a North erner hired a colored native to guide him across country to his destination Reaching the banks of a swift-flowing. unbridged stream, the Northern man spotted a boat moored at the edge. and asked the negro if he could row. "Ro', boss? No, sub, Ah kain't ro' nohow.

"Well, how can I get across, then? There isn't any bridge.

"W'y, boss, Ah'll take yo' acrost in no time in that 'ere punt," answered the negro.

"But I thought you said you couldn't ow?"

"No, suh. Ah kain't ro'." answered Sambo, rolling his eyes in ludierous istonishment; "but Ah kin git yo' crost de ribber all right, suh."

The Northerner with some trepidaion and considerable curiosity stepped into the boat, and the negro rowed him swiftly and surely over the turbulent stream to the other side. proving himself an experienced oarsman.

Why, Sambo, what did you mean y lying to me?" asked the perplexed raveler: "I thought you said you ouldn't row a boat?"

Sambo opened his mouth in a grin o wide that he appeared to whisper in his own ear as he replied: "W'y, oss, Ah suah thought you meant ro'o like a lion!"-N. T. Tribune.

Tame Hen Good Layer.

One of 'he sights at the University f Maine these days is Prof. Gowell's et hen. The bird is not admired beanse of her looks, but because of her laying proclivities, she being credited with the authorship of exactly 251 oggs during the past twelve months. The bird is of the Plymouth Rock 'amily, and Prof. Gowell is now busy racing the ins and outs of her blue-

OLD "HOSS" PAST USEFULNESS.

Dire Necessity for Some Other Sort

of Ball Bond. Senator Pattison, a well-known Vermonter some years age, was seated in the country court room. He had been called upon by one of his constituents to go ball for him, and, as he had often done before, gave as security on the bond an old "hoss' which he drove.

It was a sultry summer day, and the judge was listlessly gazing out of the window as the case dragged on. Suddenly he turned to the defendant, and, in a sharp, exultant

"That's enough for to-day, and your



The Court Adjourned Suddenly.

case, Jed Ashby is continued until next Friday, and Senator Pattison ain't goin' yer bail, neither, cause his danged old hoss jest dropped dead

out thar in the square." Deal in Ghastly Curios. Two medical students living in San Francisco, called on the president of a tanning company of West Berkeley, Cal., recently and asked him to prepare some human skin for commercial purposes. With them they had two pieces of cuticle, one about a foot

square and the other a trifle smaller, which they admitted they had stripped from a body in a dissecting room. They said they intended making slippers of the skin. The commission was declined. Other tanners have also been approached by embryo physiclans engaged in the ghoulish traffic. It is alleged that articles made from the skin of men and women have been carried from California to all parts of the Union. When tanned the skin of a man is worth about \$500. The skin is soft and pliable, rembling in many respects the chamoi:

A Will That Held.

"December 26, 1901. "Well, Magie, I will you our homestead and the children won dollar each and pay the det with the stok.
"J. B. ARMSTRONG."

This was written on a slip of paper five inches long and three inches wide, in a poor scrawling hand, and thought by some lawyers who read it to be valueless, turns out to be worth \$5,000 to Mrs. Margaret Armstrong of Waurika, Oklahoma Territory, and is the last will of her husband, who died there on Jan. 7 last. Probate Judge Glenn of that city has held that the document meets all requires and has admitted it to probate.-Kansas City Journal.

Nasal Music.



The negroes of Tahiti, one of the Society islands in the south Pacific, play the flute with the nose instead of the mouth.

Fox Dies for Love of Child.

Pining for the companionship of his six-year-old owner and companion. little Nettle Fox, who died on Saturday, a pet fox long in the family of Clarence Douglass of Red Lion, this country, died to-day,

Nettle took sick of diphtheria two weeks ago and for the first time in a long while was kept away from the fox, which had been her playmate

and hest friend. The fox at once began drooping and seemed to be pining for its little owner. She came not, and to-day, two days after her death, the fox is also dead .- York correspondence Philadelphia Record.

Fremont's Flag Preserved.

Locked up in a bank vault at Redding, Calif, is the flag which Fremont unfurled on the summit of the Rockies in 1841. The banner was made with Mrs. Fremont's own hands previous to her husband's start on his exploring tour in the far west. The flag differs from the standard U. S. flag in field only, where a large American eagle, surrounded by twenty-six stars, is skillfully wrought in hand em-